

THE SONG
OF THE
“A. B. C’s.”



Affectionately dedicated to the

Pioneer Members

BY THE

CLUB LAUREATE."



1890.

To-Be
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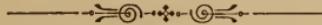


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SONG of the "A. B. C's."

Air :—“Ten thousand miles away!”

1. Tis true, as a crew, we are somewhat new,
And we sail on a saltless sea ;
We wear gaudy coats, but we cut no throats
Nor are given to piracee,
But by gentle arts we assail the hearts
Of the maids when ashore we go — o — o.
So beware, have a care,
Our *Merrett* is rare —
And we live but to love and to woo !

(Chorus) Then roll Deschênes, &c.
2. If one thing be where we did'nt agree
'Twas the flag of the Committee,
'Twas white and black, for the Union Jack,
With a leaf from the old oak-tree ;
But an army of two, stood for gold and blue
And would'nt be budged from their cour — or — orse,
So when the club for fun
Would adopt neither one,—
Why, some of us *Burn-ed* with re-*Morse* !

(Chorus) Then roll Deschênes, &c.

3. But the strife is o'er and we turn once more
To the merry camp-fire's glow,
Were no *Bate* - d breath for fear of *Coste*
Shall make the fun go slow ;
We will sing to the lips of our " nippy-tips "
(Though we all can't sing in too - oo - oon!)
And in mellow-rye,
If not melodye,
Hoop it up to the smiling *Moon*.

(Chorus). Then roll Deschênes, &c.

4. Its a motley scroll, our muster roll,
Though we're happily free from cranks,
There's part of our mess from the old "C S."
And many a chap from the banks ;
There's a man from the Mills who gives Cupid chills,
For he counts his hearts in ga-lore - ore ! ore !
But pray don't conceive
That it's *Austin* or *Neeve*,
Or the man from Singapore.

(Chorus). Then roll Deschênes, &c.

5. Don't let us forget in taking a wet
Our *Commodore* bold and gay !
On whose saucy bark full many a lark
Hath driven dull care away.
She's a very good yacht, though she rolls like a sot
In the trough of the troubled sea - ee - ee ;
But *Boatswain Smith*
Probes the thing to its pith
When he blames it to *Barrett*-ry !

(Chorus) Then roll Deschênes, &c.

6. Now it's a crying shame, that ev'ry-body's name
Won't work into reason or rhyme !
There's a lot of us here, who in print don't appear
Who are high old boys on a time !
Such as *Hubbell* and *Dick*, (whom the girls vote a brick!)
And *Hanning* whose plans ne'er slip - ip - ip ;
There is *Lister* and *Jack*
Who can paddle a whack !
And the *Teller* who's fond of his " nip !"
(Chorus) Then roll Deschênes, &c.

7. Now we'll close our song, for its waxing long,
And our *Admiral's* throat is dry ;
He's a jolly old chap, just awaked from a nap,
With his face all turned a - (w) rye !
So fill your glasses, and drink to the lasses.
For each has his guiding star - ar - ar :
Let our voices ring clear
In an " A. B. C. " cheer :
Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah !

(CHORUS.)

Then roll Deschênes, heigh - ho !
Upon thy wave we'll go ;
With paddle and sail
We'll brave the gale
And take the girls in tow - o - o.
No colour is worn, I ween,
Like the salmon and the green ;
Then fling it to the breeze
For the " A. B. C's "
Never quail at wrath marine !

